EXHIBIT A

ARTHUR BLACK

Denise L. Cote United States District Judge

Dear Judge Cote:

I write this letter in support of Deven Black, my oldest son. Obviously, I have known him all his life. But that only makes it difficult to compress decades of happy memories into a brief letter. However, I will do my best to tell you about Deven as I see him.

First, allow me to tell you about myself.

I am 86 years old, born and raised in Brooklyn by immigrant parents who went to night school to become U.S. citizens. My father started his own small business, bought a nice home, and taught my older brother and me the value of education. I went to Erasmus Hall High School, graduated from Brooklyn College, and attended the Graduate School of English at NYU.

For many years, I worked as a creative executive in several major advertising agencies. About thirty years ago, I went on my own as a direct marketing consultant. Although I am essentially a one-man operation, my clients have included such organizations as Christian Children's Fund, Citibank, MetLife, Pepsi-Cola, Pitney Bowes, and Save the Children. My father always said that retirement kills, so, in keeping with that premise, I continue to work until this day.

Now, about my son Deven:

In many ways, he was a typical American boy. He played Little League baseball and liked to go fishing with me. Atypically, perhaps, he also loved books and reading. He was curious about everything. By the time he reached his late teens and early twenties, he was already one of the best-read people I knew. As a young man, Deven had his own call-in talk program on a local radio station in Massachusetts. (I have heard recordings of the show, and I was impressed by the wide range of serious topics he knowledgably discussed with his listeners).

A network station in New York City offered Deven a job on their staff. But when he came back to the city, he found that the station had suddenly changed its format. The position he expected to fill no longer existed. This came as a major disappointment to him, but he bounced back and found other employment.

To support himself, Deven became a bartender. He learned the hospitality business well. Eventually, he worked his way up to become manager of The North Star Pub in the South Street Seaport. Six days a week, he commuted from his home in Nyack to the Pub in downtown New

York. I would visit the Pub every Saturday to see Deven and to spend time with his son, my grandson Jonas, who came to the city with his father.

As manager of the North Star Pub, Deven hired many disabled people, an unusual practice in the restaurant industry at that time. Further, he prevailed on the owners of the Pub to provide medical insurance to all the members of the staff. I remember him telling me that the average turnover of restaurant personnel was 200% a year. However, under Deven's leadership, the annual turnover rate at the Pub was only 5%.

During my weekly visits to the Pub, Deven often told me that he wished to leave the restaurant business and become a teacher. But he did more than just wish. Deven began a serious pursuit of higher education. Despite the long commute from Nyack to work and back each day, Deven found time to earn a B.A. Degree in Psychology and Education from SUNY Empire State College. I cannot tell you how proud I felt when I attended Deven's graduation ceremony. I wished that my parents could have lived long enough to see Deven accept his diploma.

In the years that followed, Deven went on to earn an M.A. in Library Science from Fordham University and a Master of Library and Information Science degree from Queens College. He also earned fellowships and completed assignments for special programs at Harvard and Yale.

Deven has won the recognition of his peers, He received a prestigious BAMMY Award from the Academy of Education Arts and Sciences, a highpoint in his career as a teacher and librarian..

Aside from his personal accomplishments, Deven showed unusual compassion for children forced to cope with physical and mental disabilities. His first teaching jobs involved special education, the euphemism employed when dealing with challenged youngsters. He told me that he found this work both frustrating and rewarding. I remember how moved I felt when Deven described how he had helped one little girl complete a schoolroom task for the first time. It would have been easy for any normal child, but it was a momentous accomplishment for a girl afflicted by many severe handicaps. Deven absolutely glowed when he told me her story. One might think that he and the little girl had won a Nobel Prize.

In my opinion, one can judge the character of a man by the influence he has on his children. So let me tell you about Deven's son, my grandson Jonas. The boy mirrors all the fine qualities that his father has shown over the years.

Like his father, Jonas is an avid reader. When Jonas came to The North Star Pub on Saturdays, he would bring a backpack stuffed with books. (His favorite was Hop On Pop, by Dr. Seuss). We would sit in a corner booth and read the books together. As the years passed, Jonas went on from Dr. Seuss to more serious books about dinosaurs, natural history, art, and many other subjects that aroused his interest.

Like his father, Jonas has boundless curiosity. On visits to the MOMA Bookstore, Jonas wanted to see books on Cathedral Architecture, Filmmaking, Typographical Design, and Pablo Picasso, his favorite painter. (I believe that, at one time or another, Deven and I have taken Jonas to visit almost every museum in the New York area).

Like his father, Jonas wants to become a schoolteacher when he graduates college, hardly a mercenary ambition in today's materialistic society.

Like his father, Jonas has shown a willingness to work to achieve his goals. Currently, he's a dishwasher in a restaurant near his school, working to earn extra money for textbooks next term.

Surely, a father who can raise such a fine son deserves lenient consideration. Also, in your deliberations, you might want to note that Deven has suffered serious physical and emotional setbacks in the last few years. He had a devastating fall down his cellar stairs that nearly killed him and required him to undergo long, painful rehabilitation therapy. His marriage came to an end. And he found himself homeless for a period of time. Yet, despite all these reversals of fortune, he has gamely struggled to rebuild his life and regain his former self

I know little about the particulars behind Deven's current legal situation except that he has pleaded guilty to a serious charge. I may be biased, of course, but I attribute his actions more to gullibility than to greed, and I hope that you will come to the same conclusion. In any event, I know that Deven will respectfully accept whatever sentence you choose to impose.

Thank you for taking the time to read my letter.

Most sincerely,

Willia Blad

Arthur Black

EXHIBIT B



The Honorable Denise L. Cote United States District Court Southern District of New York Daniel Patrick Moynihan United States Courthouse 500 Pearl Street New York, New York 10007-1312

Dear Judge Cote,

I am writing to you in regards to the sentencing of Deven Black whom I understand will be sentenced in U.S. Federal Court on October 30 of this year. I would like to let you know about my interactions with Deven spanning nearly 40 years.

By way of background, I have been employed as a newscaster at WBUR-FM, Boston's NPR News Station for the past 12 years. I have been working as an active broadcast journalist in Boston for 36 years. I have always considered Deven instrumental in helping me launch my career.

In the mid 1970's, Deven was the news director at WCOD in Hyannis, Massachusetts. At that time, I was in high school, and eager to get into radio. Deven was always patient and helpful with me as I pestered him a fair amount for advice and counsel. He hosted the daily call in show "Cape Cod Calling" and I was a frequent caller. He always encouraged me to discuss a wide range of issues and topics important to our community, and never dismissed or dissuaded me from taking part in the program, despite my youth and inexperience.

I still remember some of the compelling radio stories he produced at that time that demonstrated his compassion for people. Two that stand out were a holiday program featuring elders living in Cape Cod nursing homes who spoke about Thanksgivings and Christmases past. The other gave voice to the disabled on Cape Cod and highlighted the many physical obstacles they faced living in society. Keep in mind Deven produced this program some 15 years before the passage of the Americans with Disabilities Act.

At this time, Deven was a wonderful role model for me. I was surprised to learn Deven was only in his early 20's, but had already had a rewarding career as a broadcast journalist, serving as a reporter covering noted political figures including then Vice President Nelson Rockefeller when he was governor of New York. With that in mind, I too started covering statehouse news in Boston while as a freshman at Emerson College, and continued to do so throughout my college years and beyond.

I lost touch with Deven for several years after he left WCOD for another job, and I was on my own career path. I was thrilled to reconnect with him about seven or eight years ago, thanks to the arrival of social media. He was in the midst of starting a new career in education, and it was a thrill for me to once again observe his passion for his work, much as I did back in the 1970's. In addition to staying in touch with him via Facebook and Twitter, Deven and I met up one day when I happened to be in the Hudson Valley area, and we had a wonderful time reminiscing about our days on Cape Cod, and discussing the future of broadcasting and education.

When I learned today of Deven's legal troubles, the journalist in me kicked in and I immediately went to the Internet to see if I could find out more about what had happened. Unable to access Pacer from home, I did a simple Google search. I could not find anything related to his current predicament, but I did find page after page of honors and mentions related to his work as an educator and school librarian. He has always been at the center of spirited discussions on a wide array of topics, all seeking the greater good for teachers and students.

Thank you for taking the time to learn about my interactions with Deven. I am hopeful this brief snapshot will encourage you to impose a lenient sentence. I understand with his guilty plea, he has accepted full responsibility for his transgressions. Please know he will have my support and encouragement to positively move beyond his indiscretions, just as he encouraged me many years ago.

Sincerely

Steven E. Brown

EXHIBIT C

August 7, 2015

Stuffy Shmitt



Dear Judge Cote,

I have known Deven Black since 1985 when he was managing a restaurant/bar in The Seaport called The North Star Pub. I am a singer/songwriter and had just moved back to New York from a five year visit to Los Angeles. He, however, took a chance and hired me as a bartender. He was the manager and my boss for the following twelve years when the pub closed. He also hired a cast of characters (flamboyant actors, Reiki Masters, wild Irish waiters and bartenders fresh "off the Boat", writers and professional restaurant people) turning what could have been a drab tourist trap, like the rest of The Seaport, into a unique, fun, successful and popular place to wet your whistle and have a plowman's lunch or a shepherd's pie. He turned a small corner store into a rollicking, notorious, now legendary bar/restaurant appearing often in the press and famous for its enormous selection of single malt scotch which he studied and would explain the history of and how it was made giving it its own special peaty taste. Regardless of his learning and sharing his knowledge of ale and scotch with the curious customers, I never saw Deven, not even once, intoxicated.

As well as hiring waiters and bartenders with individual hilarious personalities and amazing skill, he hired bar-backs who really needed a job-Gary from Staten Island who was a little bit slow, Victor who was nearly blind and a street kid from East New York called Kenny who, without this job, would have wound up spending his time rampaging in a gang for sure. They did an incredible job. Deven always gave someone nobody else would hire a chance and it usually worked out.

I was having some success in the music business and, without my knowing it, Deven sent a tape of my songs to a radio personality he listened to quite a bit and, as a result, I got my first airplay on New York radio. I also was offered a job as the band leader for an MTV show and although we taped seventy episodes and it took quite some time, Deven let me do it and kept my job waiting for me until the taping was finished. This was extremely unusual in the restaurant business-people usually had to quit to take advantage of a career they were supporting by working in a pub or restaurant. I also got severe pneumonia and was hospitalized for eight weeks. Again Deven made sure my job was waiting for me when I got well. He also organized a benefit of sorts and passed the hat to get money to help me pay for my hospital bills.

I remember a violent Noreaster that came crashing into the North Star pub and filling it with water that reached the top of the bar. Deven locked up the place and took us, battered by the raging wind and soaked to the gills, to higher ground where he bought us hot coffee and dry socks and offered to take us to lunch.

Deven was a fairly heavy man in those days and I was shocked to see him at one of my performances years later-he had been working out and looked uncharacteristically fit. I didn't recognize him at first, or his six foot son who I remembered as a baby in his arms, when his wife Jill would come to pick him up from work.

Deven was a character like the rest of us working at the pub and the last time I saw him was at the funeral of a NYPD officer who used to come into the place and was loved by us all.

I am aware that he has pleaded guilty to a felony offense, which surprises me to say the least. The Deven Black I knew was almost bashful, extremely generous, ridiculously intelligent (an avid reader) with a sense of humor, a friend to the freaks, a father to his son and a provider and husband to his wife.

I mean, nobody else ever offered to buy me socks in a New York City rain storm.

Sincerely,

Staffey Slutt

EXHIBIT D

Larry David McCormick, M.Div., Ph.D. The Rectory



The Honorable Denise L. Cote United States District Judge

18 August 2015

Dear Judge Cote,

This letter comes to your desk to provide an idea of my relationships with and impression of Mister Deven Black who will appear in your courtroom for sentencing.

I am a parish pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America (for over 25 years I have served a parish of this denomination [Holy Trinity Church, North Bergen, NJ]) as well as a professor of New Testament and Early Church History at Fordham University (the Rose Hill campus thereof, in the Bronx).

I have known Mister Black for over twenty years going back to the years he managed the North Star Pub in the South Street Seaport and have had regular contact with Deven since the closing of that establishment. My most intense contact with Deven was during the eight years that he and the pub's owner (Mister John Belle of Beyer Blinder Belle Architects & Planners LLP) would urge the parishioners of Holy Trinity to move the Saint Stephen's Day Mass from our home base in North Bergen to the friendly interior of the North Star. (Saint Stephen's Day in the English and Irish traditions is also known as "Boxing Day." A day typically spent with one's friends at the local pub after spending Christmass Day with family.) In return for the relatively small inconvenience of this change of locale, all of the food and clothing brought by the pub's patrons to this Mass and throughout the entire day was donated to a food pantry and shelter of our parish's choosing. (For many years running, the recipient was Trinity Lower East Side Lutheran Parish. This church's location on the corner of 9th Street & Avenue B in what is today known as the "East Village" provided a certainly needy group of folks with relatively easy access from the North Star Pub.)

The donation I describe in the preceding paragraph may seem a small matter until one knows that, in return for any donation of a food item or a piece of usable clothing, the pub's patron was provided with a complimentary beverage of his/her choice and a free meal of bangers & mash (English sausages & mashed potatoes with onion gravy). In each of the eight years that we celebrated these Eucharists the quantity of food and clothing never failed to exceed at least three van's worth of welcome and needed donations. Many if not most years it was Deven himself who drove the van loads of food and clothing to the appointed shelter — and this after a full day managing the lively crowds that continually showed up for "Boxing Day at the North Star Pub."

The Boxing Day Masses are, I believe, a clear indication of the heart and principles of the man who will stand before you for sentencing. Not only on that one day out of 365, but in all the opportunities I had in those years and since to hear of or observe Deven's activities, I find him to be a man of good ethics and a decent human being. My dear wife, Ruth, and I were invited to attend and to participate in the bar mitzvah ceremony for Deven & Jill's son, Jonas Abraham. Being a servant of a faith community myself, I know the increasing rarity of parents handing on to the next generation the religious traditions and values that the parents hold dear. I have great respect for parents such as Jill & Deven who seek to inculcate faith in their children.

Since the closing of the North Star Pub in January of 2001, my face-to-face contacts with Deven and his family have been few and far between. We have continually stayed in touch by means of electronic mail, exchanging family photos and vignettes of family life. (Including the painful separation of Jill and Deven in more Belle to close the North Star (Deven and the rest of the staff were given no advance notice of the closing, as I understand the situation), I was surprised and gratified when Deven wrote soon thereafter to tell me that he was returning to college to obtain certification as a primary grade school educator. As best my memory serves me, he had actively sought a classroom dedicated to special education. I found this new venue for Deven's skills and love for humanity to be in keeping with the bar manager I had known for many years. This was the last employment for my friend Deven Black of which I am aware.

Throughout this letter I write with full cognizance of Deven's having pleaded guilty to a felony offense. While I do not know (and do not need to know) the offense committed, here again I believe that a guilty plea is in keeping with the character of the man I know. An offense has been committed. Justice must be dispensed. For my part, I believe that the Deven Black I have always known deserves the most gracious treatment a servant of the judicial system can give to him so that he will return to productive service of our society. That is simply my "two cents' worth" of thought on the matter of sentencing.

If I may be of any use at all as you grapple with the question of "Who is this man who stands before me and what sort of sentence will best serve our society?" please do not hesitate to contact me by any of the means listed above. I will then, again, seek to do my best to honestly report the Deven Black I know and have known.

Until I may hear from you I am, respectfully,

Your Servant in Christ,

Larry David McCormick +

Larry David McCormick

EXHIBIT E



September 25, 2015

To Whom it May Concern:

I worked closely with Deven Black from 1988 through 1992, and we've kept in touch periodically ever since. We co-managed the North Star Pub in Manhattan's South Street Seaport (Deven was my boss).

Deven Black literally changed my life in a rather big way. He is a marketing genius as far as I'm concerned, and I learned lots from him. Much of that knowledge has helped me forge a rather good career in the hospitality business, and I'll always be grateful to Deven for that.

Deven and I worked together for four days every week during those four years. He was very level headed (sometimes annoyingly so!), he was the ultimate problem solver, he handled both staff and guests wonderfully, and he ran the pub with great precision.

It's very hard for me to believe that Deven has gotten himself into this situation—it's so out of character as far as I'm concerned. The Deven that I knew would NEVER have allowed things to get so far as to actually break the law. I believe that he has been misled in a major way since bank fraud is not the sort of thing that Deven would commit on his own accord.

I pray that the court will be understanding with Deven. In my opinion he's a very good man who has been deceived by some very bad people.

Yours sincerely,

Gary Regan

EXHIBIT F



August 13, 2015

Dear Judge Cote,

I'm a writer; I've published nine books as author or co-author, mostly for major publishers. I also founded a new media company, Chowhound.com, which I sold to CBS, and whichcontinues to be run by them. And I've known Deven Black for nearly 30 years (though I haven't seen him in a long while).

I have always considered Deven to be among the most responsible, ethical, diligent, thoughtful people I've ever met. Having been informed of his recent predicament, I'm, naturally, shocked.

That said, there's been a pattern of struggle. I've seen Deven struggle against his own shyness (nearly crippling), and his daunting inconsistencies. As a writer, he suffered from frequent writer's block, and his very high intelligence conjured up so many options in any given circumstance that indecisiveness was a frequent torment. While I understand Deven was a prodigy as a child, his adult life hasn't always fulfilled that lofty potential, so while he's been successful in most things he's attempted (and he's attempted a lof of things!), I believe he regretted that he hadn't achieved more....and the shortfall left him perpetually dismayed. On top of all this, Deven is a sensitive soul, so the slings and arrows of misfortune which daunt us all seem extra daunting for him. Deven Black hasn't experienced much in the way of "ease" in his life. Again, there's been a pattern of struggle.

But in all his struggles, Deven, in my long observation, has always, ALWAYS, strained toward the light. To be his best self. To get done what needed to get done, to do right by family, friends, co-workers, employees, and employers; to get results that make situations better and smarter and more kind-hearted.....regardless of struggles and disappointments. This has been true, without exception, over the 30 years I've known him.

Deven once managed a very prominent restaurant in SouthStreet Seaport, which was known as a paragon of enlightened management (restaurant personnel normally turn over furiously, but his workers stayed with him for years). I watched him work there a few times, and he always achieved that elusive balance of clearly asserting authority without being tyrannical. It was an extraordinarily "tight shop", but his workers plainly respected and admired him. That's incredibly rare in Manhattan.

He later became a restaurant critic, penning personal, clever profiles of local venues which

his newspaper's readers still recall with affection. He worked as an editor for my company, Chowhound, where he was a rock of honorable dependability. Never missed a deadline, never required attention, incessantly polite and upbeat; his coworkers and I admired him tremendously. When the company was floundering, he volunteered to help moderate the community discussion unpaid - a role requiring a delicate touch, emotional intelligence, and wise decision-making. Deven nailed it every time.

I know how hard Deven's worked at teaching, and in his career at the Board of Education. He tackles every obligation full-heartedly, as if his life depended on it, even though it's never been easy, having had to fight indecision, inconsistency, shyness, anxiety, and self-disappointment every step of the way.

Deven CARES. Deven cares a LOT. But I've never seen him indulge despair and give up. I've never seen him desensitize to the human beings in his midst and willingly allow himself to let them down. Nothing ever came easily to Deven (not even his copious natural intelligence, which flows in maddening fits and starts), but he never stopped striving.

I don't know the details of his current predicament. But I know that if Deven stopped trying, and went the wrong way, or behaved insensitively toward other people, or lost his level-headedness, it could only have been due to a clinical/organic issue***. I feel certain that, in his mind, Deven was still making the wisest, kindest, and most responsible decisions possible at every juncture. Some of those decisions appear to have been mortifyingly, catastrophically bad ones. But I know Deven, and I can assure you that, at least within the tortured logic available to him, he never for a moment blithely indulged an impulse to do the wrong thing. That's simply not his character.

Very sincerely yours,

Jim Leff

*** - As an aside, I hope Deven can get the psychiatric help he clearly needs. There are plenty of congenital kooks out there, and you surely see plenty of them in your court. If you have not distinguished Deven from that crowd, I'd ask you to think of the most level-headed, responsible, intellectually rigorous person you know. That's Deven Black. He's not some randomly dopey guy making dopey decisions. Something's gone very, very wrong in the years since I last saw him. Anything you can do to help would be appreciated.

EXHIBIT G

July 31, 2015

Denise L Cote United States District Judge

Your Honor.

I am Robert Powell, Deven Black's stepfather. I write to tell you what I know and don't know about Deven.

In 1970, Deven was 17 and moving out of the apartment when I moved in and married his mother, Vivian. Vivian had been divorced for ten years and had four children, Deven being the eldest.

I learned that Deven had gone to Bronx Science but dropped out to work for Gene McCarthy. The year Deven turned 18, was the year the voting age was lowered to 18. His political friends insured that Deven was the first one registered.

When I met Deven, he was a part-time reporter for WINS radio, while also working for New York City politicians. Deven left NYC to become news director of WCOD in Hyannis, MA. It was quite a beginning for a young man.

When Deven left WCOD, he returned to New York and became a bartender. He managed the North Star Pub at the South Street Seaport for years, until its lease was not renewed. Deven then decided to fulfill a dream he had held, to become a teacher.

He got his GED and a Masters in education. He went into Special Ed, because he felt he could help children who were most in need of help. As circumstances were bringing an end to his teaching, a principal who believed in him suggested he switch to library science. Deven got his second masters in that field.

How can a person this intelligent be so stupid as to commit a crime? That's the Deven I don't know.

He didn't do it to get rich. He has given away all his savings. When his wife Jill learned that he had given out the security information regarding their lines of credit, she changed everything. She then bought Deven's share of the house; Deven also gave that money away. Deven has nothing.

Deven, the caring person who wanted to help the world has ruined his own. He has destroyed his future. Why? Hopefully, his need of a psychiatrist will be involved in the judgment you pass. Deven desperately needs mental help.

Sincerely

Robert Powell

EXHIBIT H

Denise L. Cote United States District Judge

Dear Judge Cote,

I am an editor and writer. For the past 11 years, I have worked for Haymarket Medical Education, a division of Haymarket Media that produces certified continuing medical education for physicians and other healthcare professionals. My current position is director of grant and content development.

I have known Deven Black for nearly 35 years. We have been married for 32 years, although we have been living separately for the past year. We have one son, Jonas. He is 21 years old and beginning his senior year at SUNY New Paltz, where he is studying to become a secondary school English teacher.

Considering that we are in the process of divorcing, it should come as no surprise that I have my share of resentment, gripes, and complaints about Deven. After all, even in a solid, happy marriage, large and small frustrations can accrue over decades of shared life. Despite my feelings toward him and my reasons for ending the marriage, I remain capable of objectivity about him and can confidently say this: Although he has entered a guilty plea to a very serious charge, I honestly do not believe that he was motivated by greed. If nothing else, his midlife career change demonstrates little motivation to advance himself financially. When he decided to make the commitment of time, energy, and money to pursue a midlife postgraduate degree, he could have prepared himself for a relatively lucrative next career by pursuing an MBA or a law degree. His undergraduate grades and test scores would have made admission to such programs an achievable goal for him.

Instead, he chose to study for a master's degree in education—not quite the optimal career path for a money-hungry person. Once in the classroom, he put his heart and soul—and his wallet—into helping his students. As many teachers do, he consistently used his own money to purchase supplies, books, and other materials that the school district was unable to provide. While the IRS classifies these expenditures as deductions, Deven inevitably far outspent the allowable maximum.

Similarly, his charitable contributions went beyond those allowed by the IRS. Yes, he has always had a commitment to helping whenever possible, and especially to giving back where we as a family have benefitted, such as supporting various public broadcasting outlets (at one point, we had concurrent memberships in five public radio and TV stations) or our local public library, schools, and community center. But he has also bypassed formal nonprofits to provide direct help. For example, although he had successfully lobbied with the owner of the restaurant he managed to offer medical insurance to its employees, not everyone opted for coverage. When an uninsured employee became critically ill and was hospitalized for many days, Deven both kicked in his own money and helped raise funds to help this man cover

his rapidly escalating medical expenses. He wasn't seeking gratitude or glory; he did it because helping was the right thing to do.

Deven has also lent a hand in our local community. He has served as a PTA officer and has sold snacks in the refreshment stand during Little League games. He was an officer in Arts Angels, the parent-run organization that supports extracurricular music, drama, and arts programs at Nyack High School, and has logged many hours of serving and cleaning at Sunday Suppers, a nondenominational soup kitchen in Nyack. And I don't know the total number of gallons he has given over the years, but Deven has been a generous and consistent donor of both whole blood and plasma (a more time-consuming commitment than the more common whole blood donation).

Although Deven is Jewish and strongly values the ethical principles of the religion, he was raised in a very assimilated family and has no strong emotional connection with Jewish prayer or ritual; indeed, he finds synagogue attendance alienating. My experience and attitudes are very different on this count; I grew up with the synagogue and related aspects of Jewish communal life as a central part of my life. Even today, I am an active member of my congregation, where I am an officer, a member of the board of trustees, and have lead adult education classes and delivered sermons. Although I feel very much at home in a synagogue and Deven does not, he has found ways to participate in synagogue life over the years, by volunteering to help pack and distribute groceries for a local food pantry, collating mailings, and assisting with the pre-high holiday cleaning and set-up. I think it is telling that he extended himself in that setting, making himself useful and finding a way to connect with an institution that, while not particularly meaningful to him, has meaning for me and our son.

Over the past several years, I have seen an ongoing deterioration in Deven's behavior. He has become increasingly apathetic and withdrawn, from me, our son, and our friends and family, and increasingly focused on his online life. While our family used to have lively three-way discussions and share jokes at the dinner table, the conversation devolved to dialogues between my son and me while Deven just sat and ate, neither speaking to us nor really listening to us, seemingly eager to finish so he could get back to his computer. Deven and our son used to enjoy spending time together, with an annual end-of-school-year "guys' trip" together (one year a train trip to Montreal, once a visit to Cooperstown to visit the Baseball Hall of Fame). More recently, Deven has only rarely initiated conversations with him in person, or contact by email or phone when he was away at school.

Beside these changes in social behavior, Deven's judgment has also increasingly diminished in recent years, with a loss of both common sense and healthy levels of skepticism. I believe his criminal actions are a direct result of these disturbing changes. As his clarity diminished, his perspective became distorted, and the "friends" he made online became more real and more important to him than his actual family and friends. Despite warnings from multiple sources that these new friends were scammers who were exploiting him, he allowed himself to be guided

by them. Sadly, his impaired judgment was compounded by his natural impulses to lend a hand. He seems to me to have a mental disorder that leads him to trust the untrustworthy. And when they ask for help, his characteristic charitable inclinations kick right in.

I have repeatedly urged him to seek psychiatric help, a neurologic assessment, or both, for well over two years. Other family and friends have similarly lobbied for him to get therapy and have tried to help facilitate the process, so far with limited impact. I hope that, with help, Deven can find his way back to being the fully productive, contributing member of society he wants to be. I am concerned that imprisonment will be the ultimate impediment to his getting the treatment that he so badly needs and will only contribute to further deterioration of an already unwell person.

Thank you for your consideration. Please do not hesitate to contact me if you need any additional information or if you have specific questions.

Sincerely yours,

Jill Rovitzky Black

EXHIBIT I

September 1, 2015

Denise L Cote United States District Judge

Your Honor,

My name is Loren Black. I am Deven Black's only sister and the youngest of his three younger siblings.

The Deven I know is the one who took over when my mother divorced early with four children under the age of 10. He was always interested in politics and helping the underserved, and never minded when his baby sister tagged along to the campaign headquarters he would go to after school.

I'm not sure Deven felt he was cared for though. I think his damage from our parents' divorce went deeper than any of us knew. But when I look at what Deven did with his life, the common thread is caring for other people.

When he ran the North Star Pub for 17 years, he would let the homeless in the area interview for busboy jobs. He also had a huge following of loyal patrons who loved the London-like environment that Deven created.

When the pub closed he went back to school, got a GED, a Bachelors Degree and a Masters in Education so that he could work in special education.

I visited him when he was a student teacher, and he spent the entire morning working with a girl with severe cerebral palsy. All she could do was move her head to press buttons to answer questions. Deven was so patient with her, put up with her stubbornness and got her to participate in class. It was incredible to observe. It was beautiful.

เข้า เข้า เป็นการและ มีอย่างเข้า เขา เข้า เข้า เข้า เข้า มีเข้า เข้า เข้า มีเข้า เข้า มีเข้า เข้า เข้า เข้า เ

For 10 years I have been on the board of a nonprofit that brings after school arts programming to the most underserved NYC high schools. Not only do I trace some of my worldview to Deven's early influence, but Deven also expressed his wish that our organization could come to help his school too. Unfortunately we serve only high schools, and Deven was working in a middle school.

I have a friend who works at the UN. When they were renovating, Deven drove into the city to fill his car with loose-leaf binders, pads, pens - everything the UN was throwing away so that his school could benefit from them.

But now my brother Deven, a kind, empathetic and generous man has pled guilty to a felony. I don't know that I will ever understand exactly what happened or why. He had nothing to gain, and ended up losing everything. I truly believe that Deven

thought he was helping people, however he let it get out of control and he let it ruin his life.

I offered Deven my help in managing his finances so that he could start restoring his life. He quickly agreed to send me his paychecks so that his finances could be handled responsibly. I wish for Deven to be treated with leniency so that he can start rebuilding his life through his commitment to his own mental health and appropriate behavior, and with the love and help of his family and friends.

Thank you for allowing me to write this letter.

Loren Meredeth Black

EXHIBIT J

VARYA K. DU CORMIER

31 August 2015

Denise L Cote United States District Judge

I have known Deven Black since 1967 when, as teenagers, we both went "Clean for Gene". Although we were nowhere close to voting age, Deven and I had a real concern for the world we lived in and what the future would hold for society. We have never lost that commitment and, to this day, I believe my friend Deven has a mission to help those who appear to be in need.

Both Deven and I grew up in troubled home environments. He was the child of bitterly divorced parents; I lived in a home with verbally abusive parents. We sought solace in each other's company and supported one another through every domestic crisis. Deven was also responsible for the care of his three younger siblings and I often spent time with them to diffuse the tension of the household.

Deven and I pursued traditional academic paths, yet we both gravitated to the hospitality industry. Deven was a restaurant manager for many years and I became the executive chef of a wealth management company. We shared many occasions comparing notes on life in the food business. We weathered the ups and downs of our careers and tried to keep a sense of humor about dealing with the quirks of the service industry. When Deven's tenure in the restaurant business ended, he took the initiative of becoming a New York City teacher and acquired the Masters degree necessary for that position. When his teaching position was eliminated and the school librarian post became available, Deven immediately enrolled in an MLS program to get his credentials within the required timeframe. I admired his fortitude. When my job ended, I did freelance work ultimately retiring to become a "Granny Nanny" to my elderly relatives.

I share with Deven a long true friendship. He has always been there for me in times of joy and hardship. He is still one of the first people I would call in a time of trouble. We have been through much together; success, failure, love, break-ups, weddings, divorce (mine), children (his), and funerals. Deven's mother died a horrible death from ALS and he now watches his younger brother meeting the same fate.

A few years ago, I noticed a change in Deven. He gradually disengaged from his flesh and blood friends and immersed himself in the cyber universe. I don't claim to be a mental health professional, but I can tell when something is wrong with a friend of almost 50 years. There was a disconnect in our conversations. He would tell me of helping the elderly relatives of African associates at his school, and seemed proud of being able to provide some degree of financial assistance to these people in need. My first thought was

one of admiration for his generosity, but I then became concerned about his being taken in by cyber-scams.

I can't say I understand why Deven was led to do the criminal actions he has acknowledged. I can only tell you I believe that none of this was done for personal gain or greed as evidenced by his current living situation in a homeless shelter. No doubt, he will soon find himself without employment as a convicted felon.

Deven Black is a much loved and dear friend to me. I would like to see him receive the treatment and care he needs to once again take his place in society as a productive citizen. I thank you for any consideration you may tender to my errant friend.

Sincerely, Varya K. Du Cormier

Vanya K. Du Comin

EXHIBIT K



about their friendship. With his wife and son, I personally never saw any emotional intimacy. Deven often seems to exist in his own world, which appears to lack meaningful attachments.

Martin has told me about Deven's painful childhood, which certainly paved the way for a troubled future. Deven is a man whose life became marked by a series of failures. His crime was not one of greed. Money was never important to him. He wanted desperately to connect with someone, and the virtual world of scammers proved a lot easier for him to inhabit than the real world. One day he told me with great happiness that he'd never had so many friends. He spent all his time on the computer, talking to his new friends. He would do anything for a friend, which is what got him into trouble. He didn't commit his crime for money, but for friendships that never existed in the first place.

My hope for Deven is that someone can help him find effective ways to rebuild his life so that he can live more happily in the real world.

Sincerely,

Andrea Mosbacher

Andrea Moxbacher

EXHIBIT L

Martin B Mosbacher



August 3, 2015

Denise L Cote United States District Judge

Dear Judge Cote:

I am writing on behalf of my friend Deven Black to help inform your decision on sentencing.

I am 63 years old and a lifetime resident of New York City. I work in the public relations industry where I hold the position of Managing Partner and CEO of Intermarket, a firm that I founded nearly 30 years ago and which employs approximately 20 people and that. Most of our work involves representing the interests of organizations in the financial services industry.

Deven Black has been my friend for more than 47 years. We met as high school students volunteering our time on behalf of Eugene McCarthy, who was running for President at the time. I was attending Stuyvesant High School, and Deven was attending Bronx Science, which was the greater achievement at the time. We were young, idealistic and had many common interests.

More to the point, we have remained close over the years and, in some respects, our lives followed a relatively conventional and parallel course. We both explored various career options – both of us having been bartenders at one point or another – before settling on something more permanent. Both of us married and started families.

But our paths also diverged. I settled into a career in public relations while Deven eventually chose to become a teacher. Deven and his family moved to the suburbs while my wife and I chose to raise our family in the city.

But regardless of where we were and what we were each doing, Deven and I always stayed in touch with each other. We talked about the good and the bad, the interesting and the mundane, things that made us happy and things that made us sad.

What I always noticed about Deven is that he had a genuine interest in doing good works and making a difference. He wanted to be someone who mattered to other people. He might have fallen short of this objective at times, and may have lost his focus along the way, but that's what he wanted.

When it came to his career as a teacher, it wasn't enough to work with kids, he wanted to work with special-needs kids. It wasn't enough to follow the curriculum, he needed to improve upon it and see how he could do more for his students.

The past few years have been tough on Deven and those around him. He has endured professional challenges, the break-up of his marriage, physical injuries, and in my un-expert opinion, diminished mental competence.

While Deven may have stumbled – did stumble – along the way, it wasn't out of villainy or greed or a desire to do bad. Deven has never demonstrated any of those traits. I have never known him to engage in any form of illegality – at least not until quite recently. I had never known him to take anything that wasn't his. I truly believe that even with regard to the crime he has plead guilty to, he didn't fully understand the criminality of his actions at the time.

In light of this, I hope you can find it in your heart to deliver an appropriate sentence for Deven — a first time offender in his 60s — that does not include jail. I do not believe that imprisonment will serve to benefit either the State or Deven.

What I want more than anything – what Deven and those harmed by his actions need more than anything else – is for Deven to get the kind of help that will lead him back to living a normal and productive life – which is far from where he is today.

I am grateful for this opportunity and trust you will do what's best for all concerned.

Sincerely

Martin B Moshacher